

# POLEMICAL zine

ISSUE 03:  
**QUANTIFY**

Cover art:  
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@jennanh  
[www.jennahum.com](http://www.jennahum.com)





7



93

24



FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT LIMITS  
this one is for you.



4

16



105

80







"I thought about this photo from one of your suggestions  
"what it feels like when time passes""

"Took this photograph during a train ride to Windsor."



### Untitled

Alexander Lam  
@alxznder

49

We've joined the 21st century.  
Follow us on Instagram **@polemicalzine**



2

PS. submissions for Issue 04: Power are now open -  
submit to [mclarenrebecca@hotmail.com](mailto:mclarenrebecca@hotmail.com)  
and see your work published!





# DEAR READER...

Dear reader,



I write this on May 6th at 9:17PM (although, I don't have the time down to the very second).

And just like that, it's 9:18PM. 60 'one Mississippis' later and the world lives and breathes as another number. We have decided that characters on a clock and on a calendar can equate the entirety of billions of lives: present, past, and future.

Billions. People. All over the earth and on the hundreds of levels of concrete that we've stacked upon this planet. I sit on floor #16. Billions. People.

I am just one of many.



74

But are we all just numbers? We are pooled into statistics, stripped of our names. We become numbers in headlines: "100 Confirmed Dead," we sigh. One Mississippi. Two Mississippi. We've already moved on. But these were people, not numbers; their families will not move on as easily as us. Three Mississippi. Four Mississippi. Another tragedy occurs yet we rush to our next activity. Being late isn't polite, you know.

00

So are we all just numbers? A social insurance number, or the number on your credit card? Are we the dollar amount in our bank accounts? Is our worth defined by our salary?

Or are we defined by the number of followers we have on social media? The number of friends we have? The number of hairs on our heads? The number wrapped around our waistband? The unhappy number on the scale?



And if we aren't just numbers, why have we let them swallow us whole? A 50% chance of something causes us to live 100% of our lives in fear. Fourth place is never celebrated. My exam scores tattoo my mind with feelings of inadequacy. At 20 years old, I've learned that my intelligence can be summed up in an average of subjects I never liked anyways.

And age. At 8 years old we allow the squiggly line to wrap itself around our lips because our opinions are not as important as those of adults. At 80, we carry the digits on our back, allowing their weight to chip away at the brittle bones we've developed.

We are quantified, and we quantify. We are counted, and we count. You are not one of many.

You are one in a million.

To the artists, thank you for collecting the numbers that hold you captive. For counting the times that you felt like time didn't exist and for organizing the many ideas that float through your mind into tangible pieces of art for all to experience. For placing real value and pride in your work outside of subjective pricing and social media likes. 10:21PM.

You may have noticed that this publication now has a name: Polemical Zine. Be critical. Question everything. Consider what actually counts and make it count that much more.

1, 2, 3, take off. I hope you go on an adventure. !!!



Much love,  
Rebecca McLaren

58

\*All work is the propriety of its original artist. Thoughts and opinions expressed in the works in this publication belong to each individual and independent author.\*



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**nineteen**

Alexa Z

@amatshots

[alexazhang.myportfolio.com/](http://alexazhang.myportfolio.com/)

67



92





33

**Legalize Aging**

@collagetheworld

facebook.com/collagetheworld

@fon\_something

*"This is a collaboration between  
Fon Something and Collage  
The World. Fon started  
this collage and mailed  
it to me, and  
I finished it."*



2

42





## **Soul Elliptical**

Olivia Lake

@olivia\_lake



18

*Most heart attacks  
Occur within six months  
Of retirement*

*Old men with balding  
Heads  
Sit slouched in dusty recliners*

*Campbell's chicken soup  
Boils over on the stove top*

*Silver spoons run amuck*

*Two-thousand PVR's  
Of Dragon's Den sit waiting  
Watching short hairs fall to oak*

*Two thousand what-ifs  
And could-have-beens  
Are greying*

9



*Two thousand  
Missed calls  
On the phone*

*A priority is setting  
The sun's an empty holster  
For the people  
Who sit silent  
On the other end*

15



6





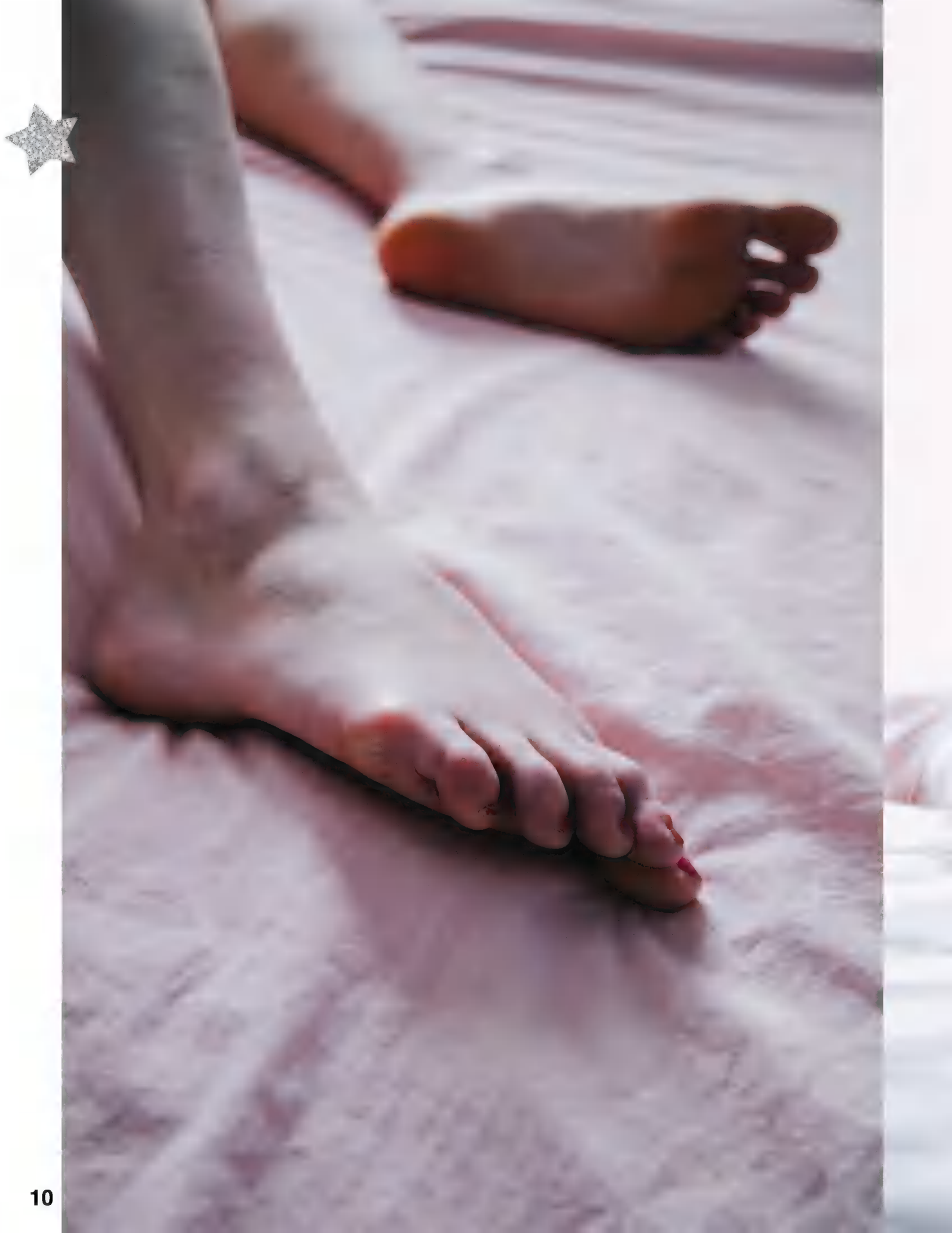


43

213

9.5

Enlightenment of Time, Giselle Valencia, diptych  
@giselle.valenciaa (art) @giselle.ca (personal)





Roxy Duke | @r.adiant | roxannedukephotog.wixsite.com/mysite

This series demonstrates the awkward and often overlooked timing of those entering adulthood. Puberty is over rated and adulthood is questionable. We are adults yet many of us are experiencing this reality very differently. Shame, sexuality, and uncertainty, at the least, is guaranteed. Time will tell and the world awaits.





24

6

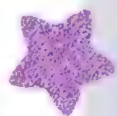


71





500











24



7



46

1000 Moons  
| song by MOLTENO |

@moltenomusic  
moltenomusic.com  
Listen on Spotify [here](#)  
Listen on SoundCloud [here](#)

9





53



17

14

18

seven



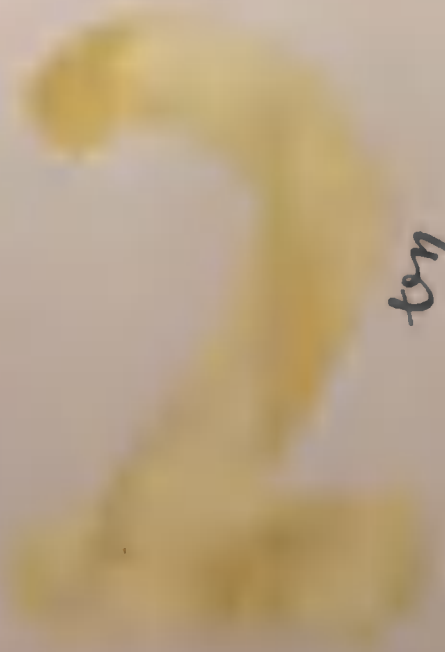
six



one



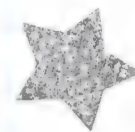
ten



four







This handmade collage has a futuristic feeling. The original photo was of a couple sitting in a modern, boring living room with white walls and sliding glass doors. I removed the glass doors, floor, and ceiling, and replaced them with a variety of psychedelic and cosmic images. It's hard to quantify where one dreamworld ends and the next begins.

The title is a reference to a song by the band The Police. My Dad introduced me to The Police as a child in the late 80s / early 90s, and I'm still a fan a couple decades later. The word "spirits" relates to the cosmic imagery, the couple, and also otherworldly beings. Spirits and the galaxy have no attachment to time, or age. They defy quantification.



**Spirits In The Material World**, Handmade Collage  
Collage The World, @collagetheworld, facebook.com/collagetheworld

# love u to the moon and back

matthew conacher  
@shoppersdrugmatt



68

## TEN THINGS TO SAY WHEN SOMEONE SAYS "I LOVE YOU MORE"

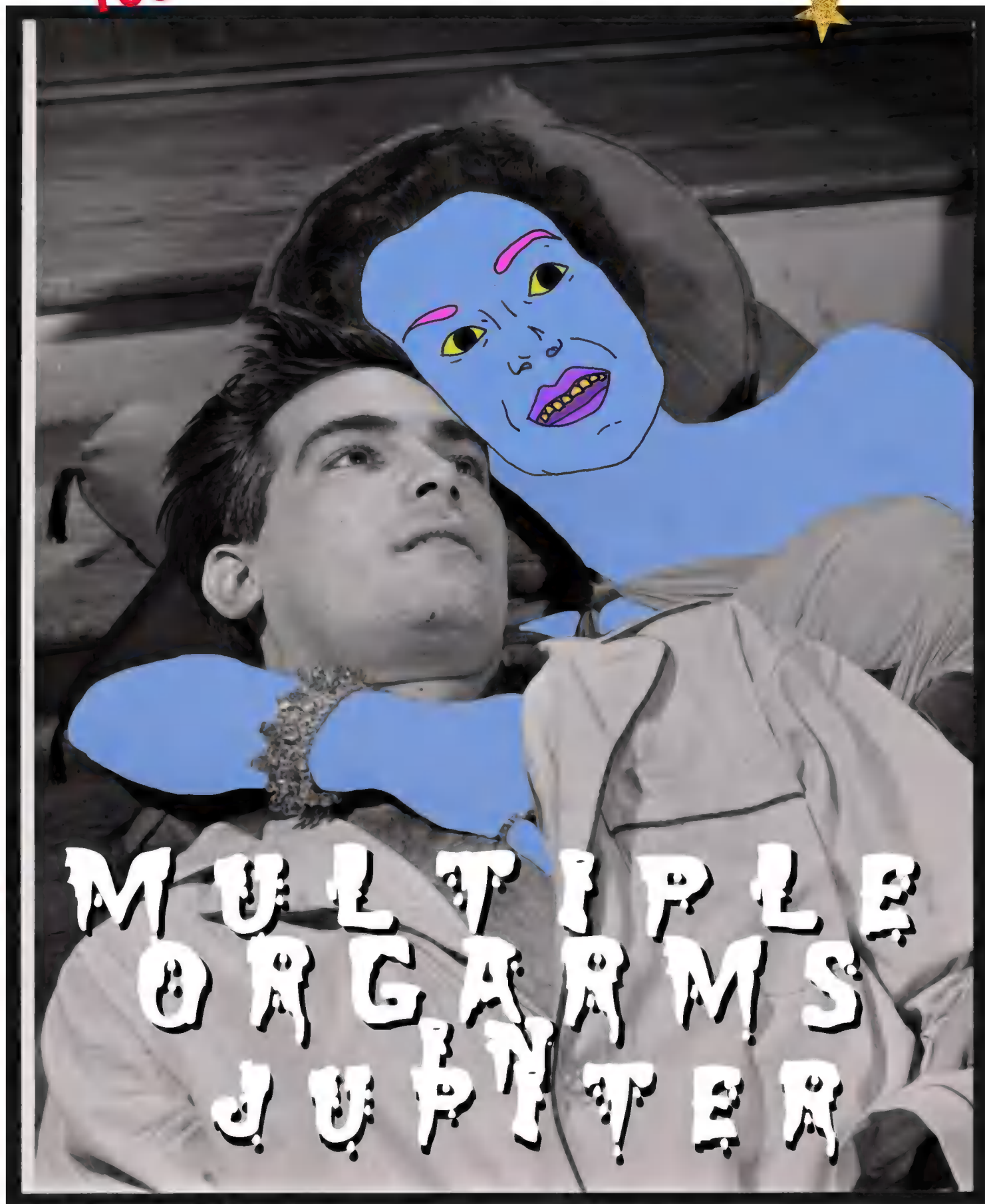
When is the last time you've performed some good ol' discourse analysis on the sayings and idioms you use to show affection? Probably never, I am assuming, and it might have something to do with the fact that love is unquantifiable. You'd think with all the scientific discoveries being made in the past decade we would have a way to truly measure love (considering we have sex robots, the ability to implant microchips into our animals, and Insulin).

What does it even mean to love someone? It is tragic that we cannot put a numeric value on the amount of love we have for someone or something. I know I love my mom ... like a lot. Sadly, there is no way to determine just how much I love my mom. If there were, parents wouldn't be able to lie about which child they loved more.

"I love you to the moon and back" — a saying almost too cute to not appreciate — is problematic to say the least. What is the right way to respond to this? Is there one? There is and I am here to help. I have travelled the world learning about love and numbers and have come up with a list of the best responses to the dreaded phrase "I love you more."

1. I'd say that I love you to the moon and back but Astronomy, and all science for that matter, is socially constructed making your love for me is as real as the milky way (which doesn't exist)
2. I love you more than my grandma loves watching the same episode of the Price is Right on her DVR every morning
3. I love you more than university students love ruining their own lives by going to the bar three times a week and leaving essays till seconds before they're due
4. I love you more than Cardi B likes screaming OKUUUUUUUURRT on live television 
5. My love for you is stronger than Britney Spears was in 2007 was she shaved all her hair off
6. I love you infinity
7. Love doesn't exist and nothing matters. In 2010, nearly 6,165 sea turtles and up to 25,900 marine mammals were killed in the Gulf of Mexico thanks to the BP Deepwater Horizon Oil Spill catastrophe
8. I love you to the ends of this earth (This is quantifiable as the earth is flat. We can concretely measure 40,075 km worth of love — from one edge of the earth to the other)
9. I love you more than Donald Trump loves denying that he wears a hair piece 
10. Today we have shifted from an agrarian economy to a goods-production economy. But the same relationships exist between the private owner and the worker. Nothing has changed. Love is a commodity and I love you more than working people love seizing the means of production.





MULTIPLE  
ORGASMS  
JUPITER

multiple orgasms in jupiter



5

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

44



people everywhere

Bizarro5  
@bizarrofive





90



don't give us uniforms

69



56



28

**The Fool spoke and  
the idiots follow him**

Bizarro5  
@bizarrofive





## How Much

64

*you know i love you right? more than the entire world?*

really now? just the world?

*well the entire solar system too if you must know*

how about the galaxy then  
cause i love you more than entire galaxy

*my love for you  
is more expansive  
than the entire f\*cking universe*

19

that's quite the distance  
but don't you believe in the multiverse?  
would you not love me elsewhere

*you know what i mean  
i love you, more than i could ever say*

5

that's all i needed love  
a simple "i love you" is more than enough  
you can't measure love  
not in any way that really means anything

*well i can think of one way*

oh? and what's that

*it's true love can't be measured  
or described in a sensible way  
but it can be felt and experienced.  
it's an event with its own time frame*

18.5

*so ask me how much i love you*

okay, how much *do* you love me?

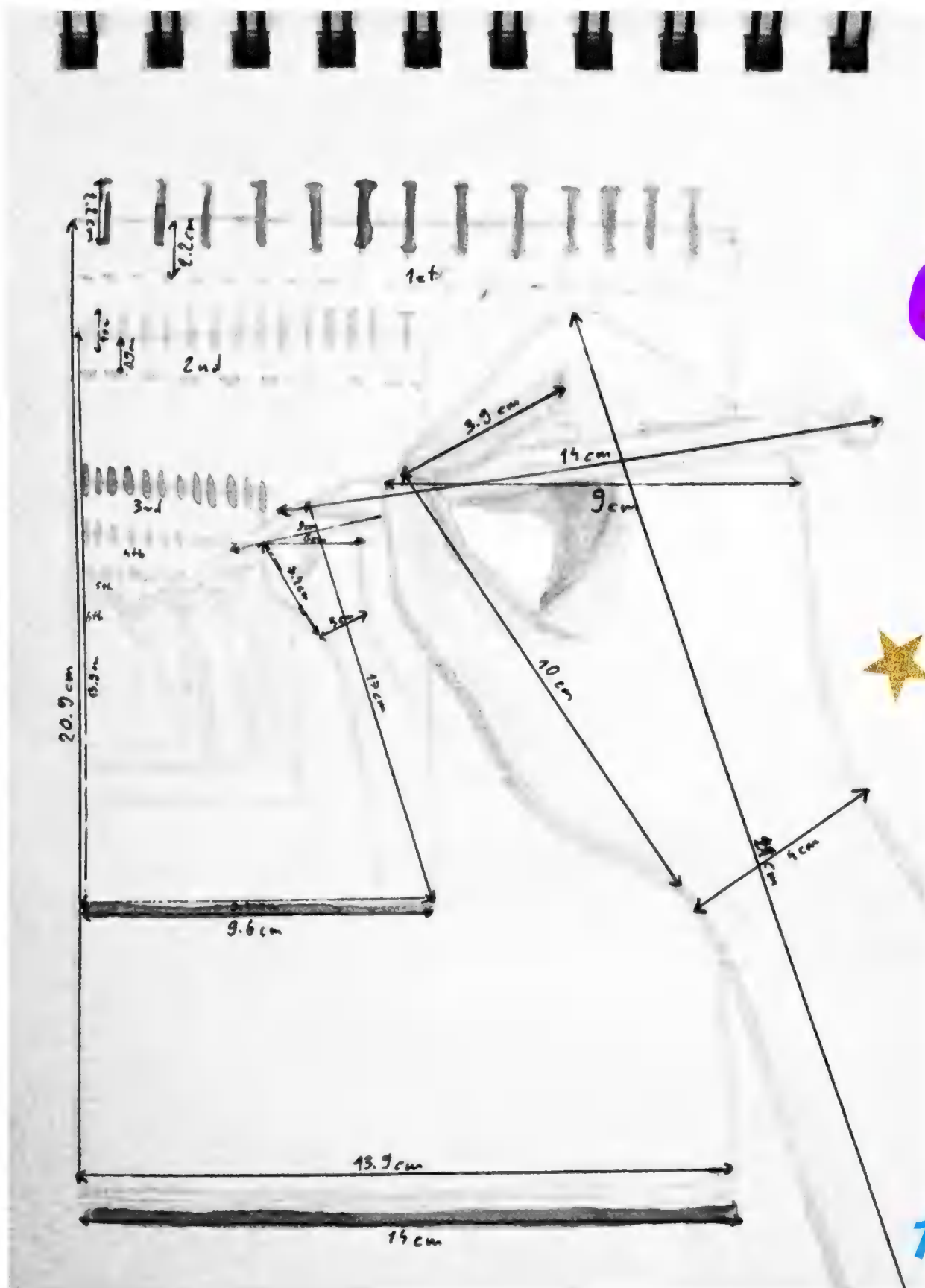
*i love you yesterday, today, tomorrow  
past present and future*

always and forever?

*Forever and a day.*



3



## Measuring my work

Martyna Kulak/Arebell  
@dumb.ways.to.live  
martynakulak.artstation.com





“Eight Percent of the average person’s body weight is blood and the heart beats three billion times in an average lifespan, yet we still compare ourselves to

Inside



[www.kimstua.com](http://www.kimstua.com)

16



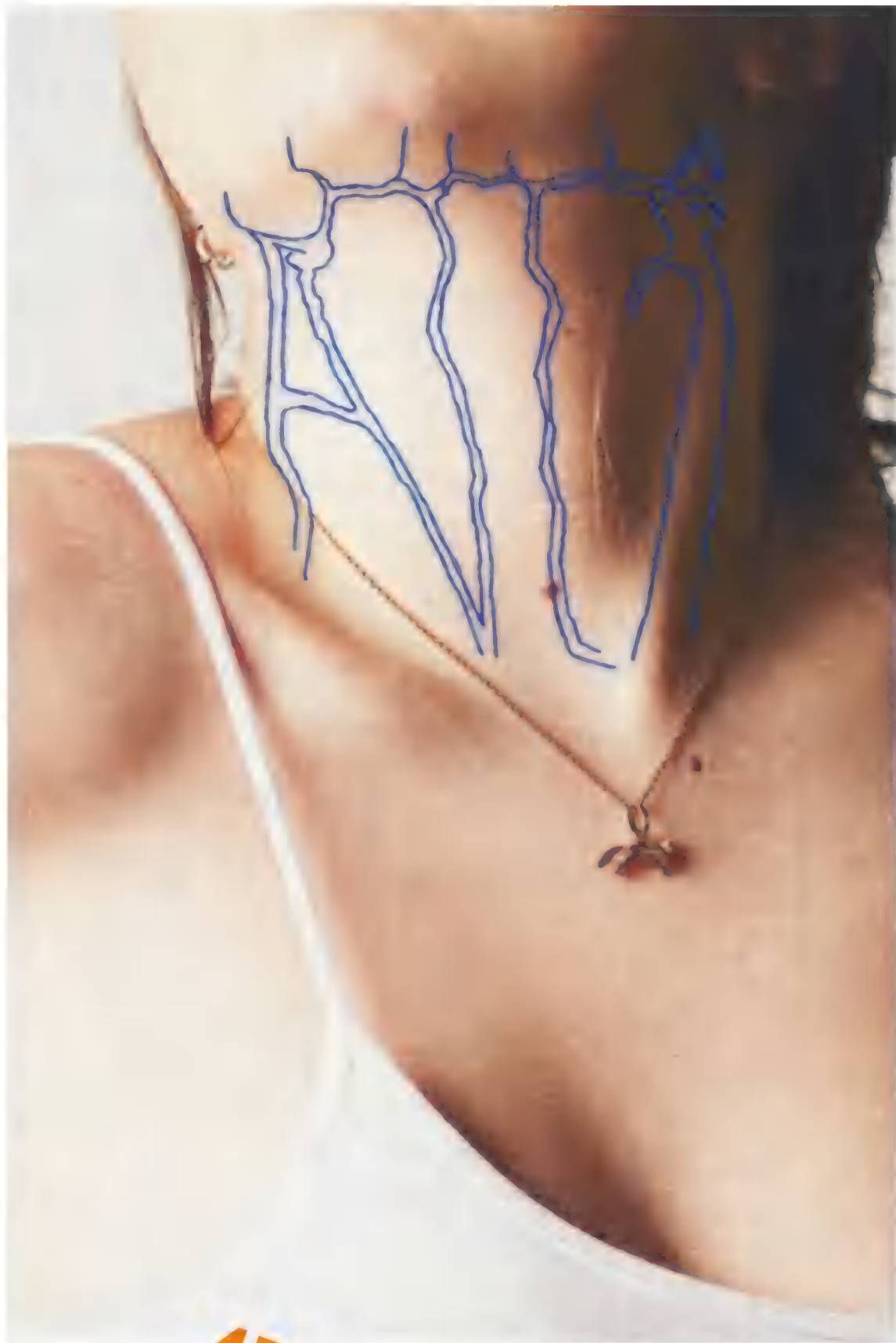
...eats a total of  
...others."

## s and Outsides

Kim Stuart

@kimstuart\_photo  
rt-photography.com

336



47

5



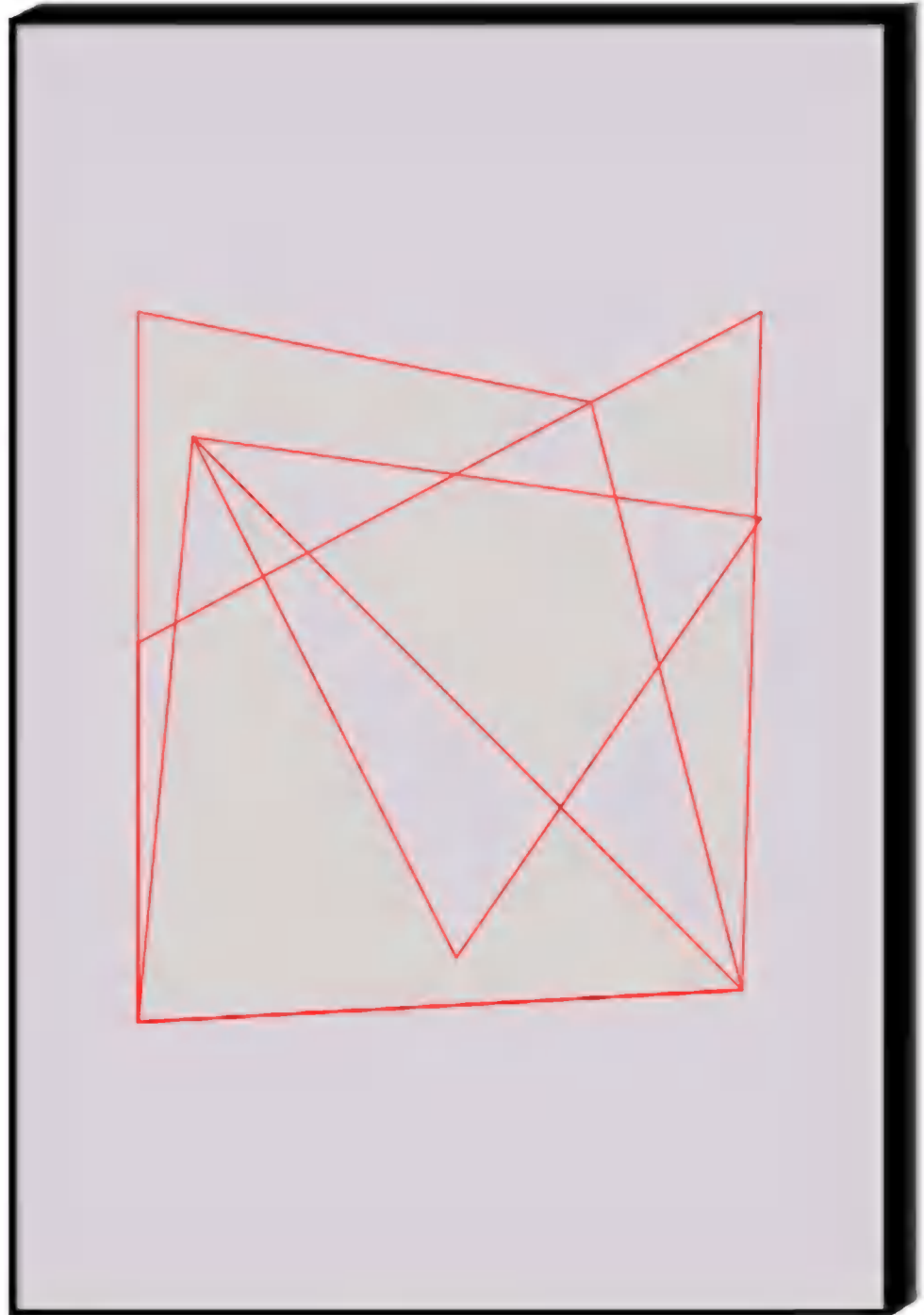
3

5

86



99.9



INTRIO

25

The theme of the two designs carryover the ideals of numerology. With three energy and pyramids vs a square, known to masquerade as a mirror or found

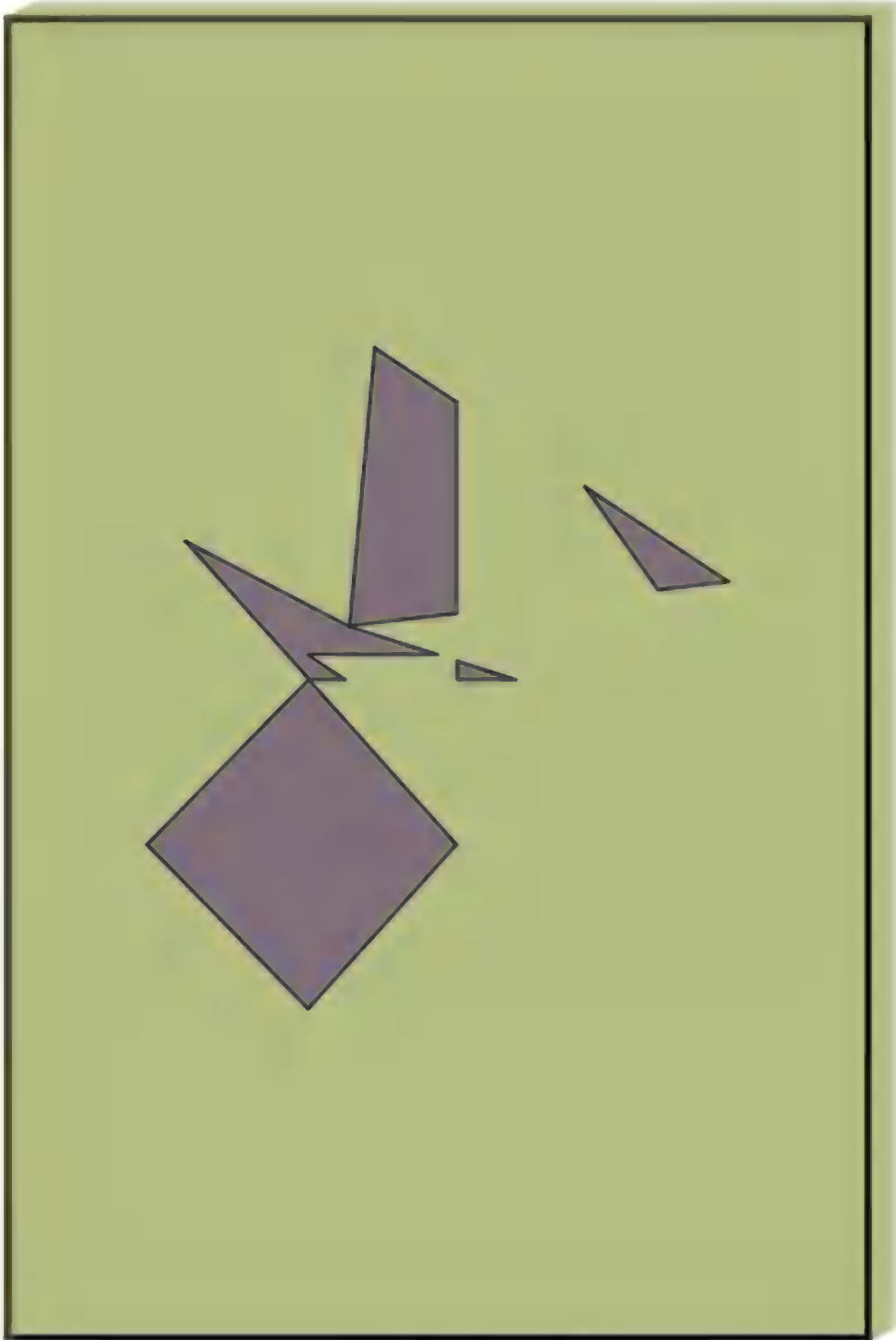
4



30



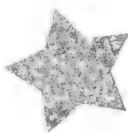
43



SQ

13

representing  
ation.



**INTRIO (left), SQ (right)**  
Ready for print at 8x10 inches and larger  
Karoline Yesterdaye  
@iamyesterdaye





75



47

62



89



330



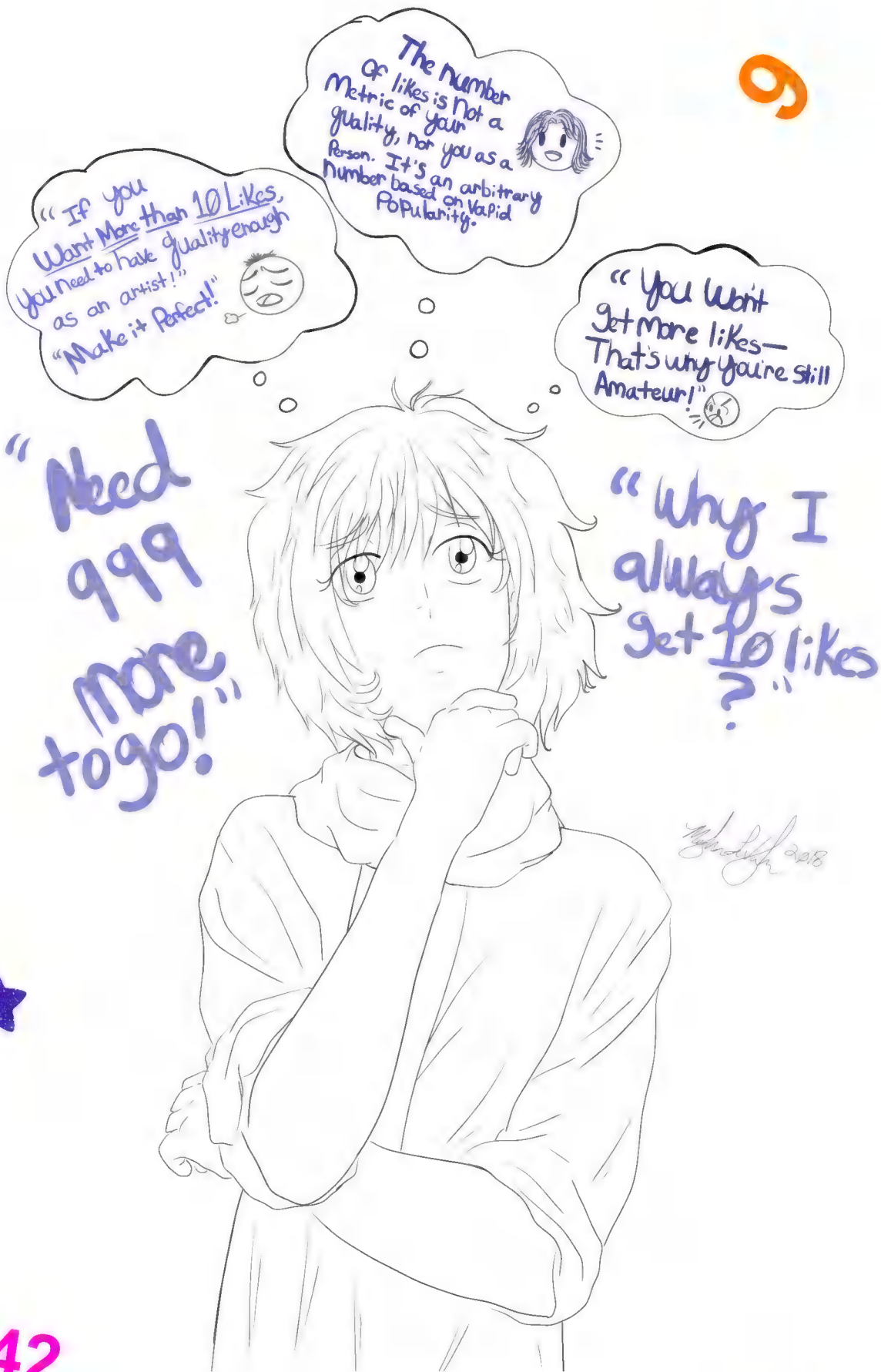
## YOUNG AND MARCHING

BEL FOX

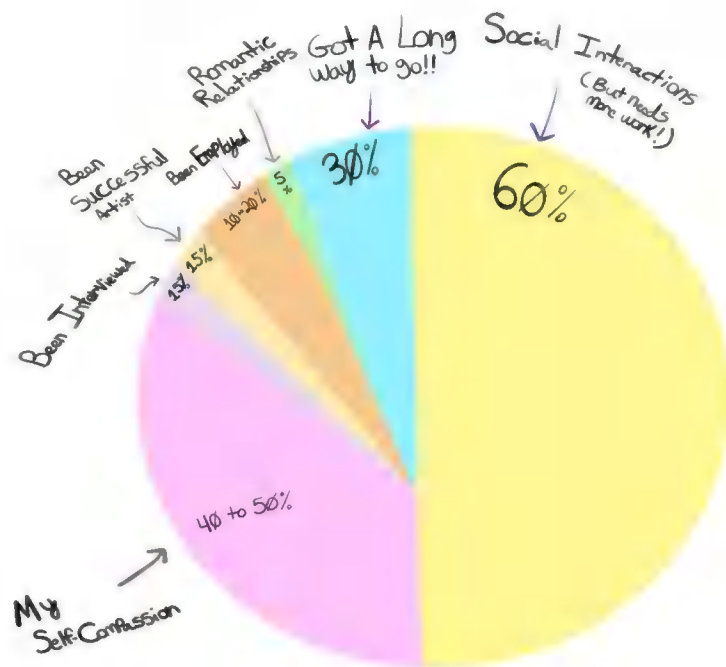
@BELFOXFOTOS



42







7

100



2018  
Meghan LeVaughn

20

**My Life Chart**

Meghan LeVaughn, @meghansdreamdesigns

<https://drive.google.com/open?id=1loEzuDSW6DMLhL4mV4U1CZX2Rsl0KjBN>



## a short inventory of things that have gotten away from me thus far in 2018

- One. A meeting that I had scheduled for 4:00P.M. that's been planned since last Thursday, but that's now fallen through so I am sitting at a table listening to two girls talking about Yale admissions wondering when I should go home, or call my mother, or re-read my favourite book.
- Two. My father called me two nights ago at 7:54P.M., but I missed the call. At 7:56P.M., he said he had something important to tell me. When I called him back at 9:16P.M., he'd forgotten what it was and he still hasn't remembered.
- Three. Last month at the train station, I met a nice lady who didn't understand how her VIA ticket worked, and so I explained it to her and as it turned out we were on the same car. At the end of the ride, she asked if she could type her phone number into my cell so that we could have coffee sometime when we were in the same city. I said yes and she did, but when I texted the number I got no response. I realized that the phone number she'd given me had one extra accidental digit. I once considered removing every digit individually, and texting all of the possible numbers I could make until I found the right combination. But I never had the time. She is probably wondering why I haven't contacted her. I will probably never see her again.
- Four. A romantic parcel collecting dust at the back of my closet that I was sent from an ex-lover halfway across the world. He'd sent it late January and it arrived at my home sometime in mid- February. I opened the package on February 25th and, on that same night after two and a half hours of talk, he decided to tell me that his feelings had changed and he ended our affair. This means that, when this package finally made its way to me, its messages and contents had entirely lost their meaning. It had expired in time, like all good things eventually, I guess, or like last month's eggs.
- Five. Five final paper grades: 93%, 92%, 91%, 90%, and I'd rather not put in the last mark. I look at these numbers when I want to feel something, but the books that I wrote them about don't speak to me anymore. They tell me to go seek out new meanings in new languages. They've closed themselves off to me and I don't blame them.
- Six. I was crying my heart out on a beach armchair at 11:55P.M. on New Years' Eve in the Dominican, listening to James Taylor's *Carolina In My Mind*, which is five minutes and four seconds long, and which ended a few seconds before Midnight. When the clock turned to 12:00 A.M. on January 1st, I had the wild impulse to scream like a banshee and throw myself into the ocean. It was, I think, the one thing in life I have done without thinking about. After I'd submerged from the cold water, I stood on the beach by myself listening to everyone in the distance cheer and laugh and kiss each other. I took out my camera and recorded a short video clip, watching the fireworks. It is exactly thirty seconds long. I remember seeing a green light over the water before I jumped. I haven't seen it since.
- Seven. There is a moment between Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham during Fleetwood Mac's performance of "Silver Springs" from the "The Dance" live album that I think is something holy. Stevie wrote the song about Lindsey years before this recording, and the band recorded it to be on the Rumours album but it never made the final cut. Years later, they did this live performance and Stevie looks right into Lindsey's eyes and sings:

87

65

21





*"Time cast a spell on you, but you won't forget me / I know I could have loved you, but you would not let me. I'll follow you down 'till the sound of my voice will haunt you / You'll never get away from the sound of the woman that loves you."*

4

77 If you want to watch this yourself, just go on YouTube. The name of the video is "Fleetwood Mac - The Dance - 1997 - Silver Springs" and then a little heart symbol. The magic starts around 3:38. Watch until the end.

Eight. My calendar says it's been 59 days since I last vomited. I estimate my current weight to be around 110 pounds. My normal weight is 120, but this winter it dropped to about 105. But that wasn't entirely my fault because I was diagnosed with pneumonia and hospitalized twice. I believe I am doing quite well. ★

Nine. My phone always says that the bus will come three minutes later than it actually does. I have resorted to walking most places, even in the mid-March muck.

Ten. I hid a cut-out piece of a love letter, a lip chap, and a cheesy romantic note from my ex in an envelope in his guitar case when his roommate came to pick up his things from my home. It was supposed to be my big "F— you" to time, to that parcel in the back of my closet that kept mocking me. I wanted to conquer it, to understand it, to rise above it. I found it rather poetic in the moment. I have no idea when he'll see these things and I don't know if I'll regret it when he does. I don't know what kind of person I'll be then.

Eleven. The deadline is on May 2nd. I keep telling her I will submit something, but as usual I have procrastinated and gotten caught up in another project or novel or daydream. I say that I promise I will submit something this time.

Twelve. I don't know where anything goes anymore. It's all slipping through my fingers.



39



**where we met**  
Chanelle Barel-Rutherford  
@chanellebarel





26

805



**Space Eating Contest**  
Athena Katerina  
@innerathena  
innerathena.format.com

94







Inspired by 'Tintern Abbey' by William Wordsworth  
Cut from pictures containing a large quantity of something.

Alex Bossi  
@\_\_bossi\_\_

7.2



45



42



26

Love - 2

"A recent and grim realization due to a decision I made 5 years ago, as I dedicated

77



34

0



3



## **Discomfort** - countless

one side of my palette to art in times of love and the other to art of many discomforts."

8



Countless  
Sawroop Sandhu  
@sawroopsandhu

# *A Mathematical Approach to Anxiety.*

Briana Lovato | @briana.lovato | brianalovato.wordpress.com

108

I have anxiety.

No, it isn't just stress. No, I am not just over-reacting to final exams.

I have a mental illness. And it defines me whether I like it or not.

So why can't you fix it? Isn't there a magic pill to make it go away?

I'd like you to think about this.

I'm a math major. I like numbers and problem solving. Yes, I can hear your confusion.

But bear with me for a second.

Let's imagine that I ask you to solve a really hard math question.

And to your complete disbelief, you are able to come up with a solution.

Amazing, I am so proud of you.

Days later you are told that although you solved the problem, the method you used to get there is wrong.

You now have 15 minutes to provide me with different method to solve the problem or you fail.

Could you do it?

Is this an easy task?



You see this is how I imagine anxiety.

For each life problem, there is a common method that the average person will use to solve the issue.

People with anxiety will react and handle it differently.

Does that mean that our methods are wrong?

Does that mean we shouldn't get credit for the work that we put in to get there?

It is not that simple to just change the way that you think.

It is even harder to complete the task while being at battle with both your mind and society's ideologies.

This doesn't mean that we don't try.

It doesn't mean that we aren't as smart or capable of solving the problem.

It means that we might need extra time and we might need different tools to complete the job.

But most importantly, we need you to believe that we can do it.

I have anxiety.

And you know what? It makes me unique.

11

1. Repeat

1.

2. Repeat

1

3. Suddenly you



35



65



18

### *PTSD Checklist (PCL) – Civilian Version for DSM-IV*

Charu Sharma

[vsco.co/charusharms](http://vsco.co/charusharms)

ated, disturbing *memories, thoughts, or images* of a stressful experience?

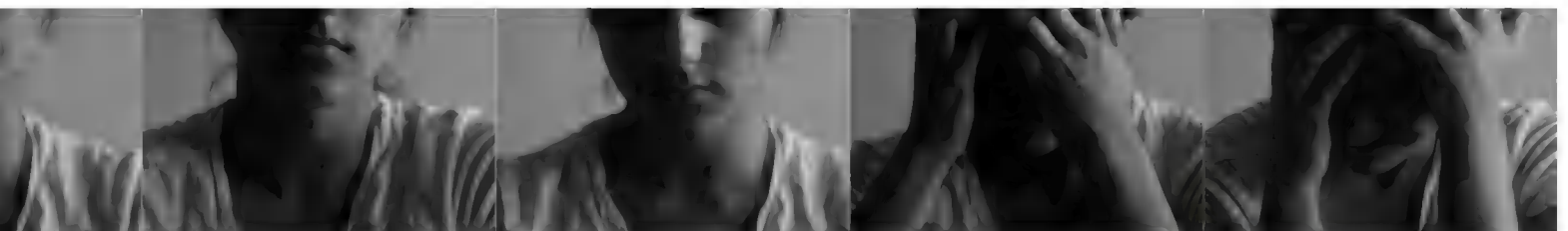
*Not at all 2. A little bit 3. Moderately 4. Quite a bit 5. Extremely*

ated, disturbing *dreams* of a stressful experience?

42

*Not at all 2. A little bit 3. Moderately 4. Quite a bit 5. Extremely*

denly *acting or feeling* as if a stressful experience were *happening again* (as if  
were reliving it)?







"To Be Bright when a

@beau

"Unwritten", an original haiku

How many poems  
Do I need to write before  
I let go of you

112

78

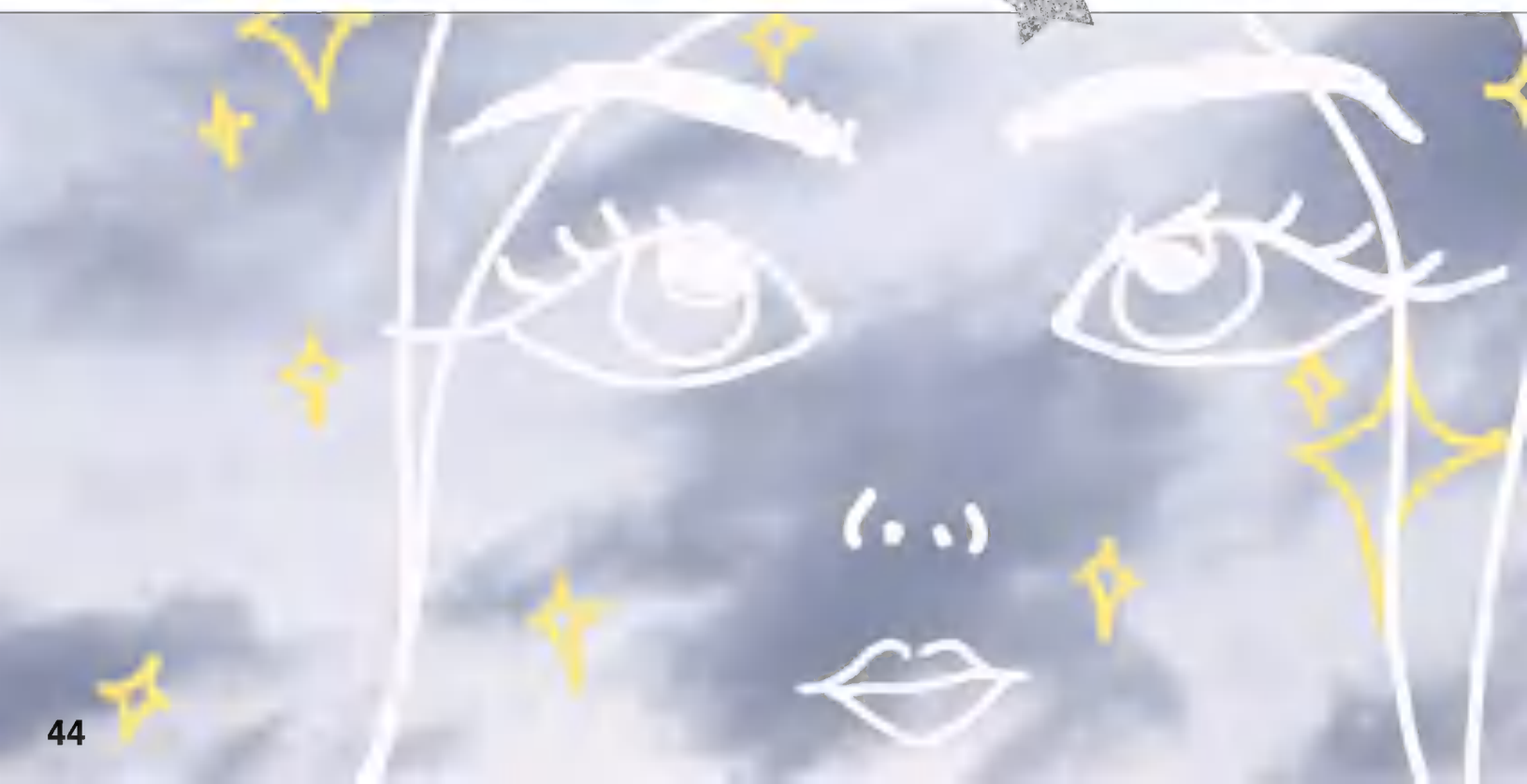
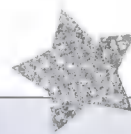
Giselle Valencia  
@giselle.valenciaa (art) @giselle.ca (personal)

9

32

Not Alone 2018,  
video by Alexa Z | [click here](#) to watch on Youtube  
@amatshots | alexazhang.myportfolio.com/

48



"All is Blue"  
Elise Roche  
tybymyeye



7

10

39



46



Brown Thumb



87



5

10



## Death Becomes Her

23



Saltyart  
@saltyartt  
[etsy.com/shop/SaltyTracy](https://www.etsy.com/shop/SaltyTracy)

\$15

\$43

# HOW TO MAKE A DOLLAR

*Timothée Chalamet, Sugar Babies, and Women's Worth in the Entertainment Industry*



\$0.50

MORGAN MCAULEY

@\_morganmcauley

*For whatever reason, since last February I can't stop thinking about The Oscars, Timothée Chalamet, and the general aura surrounding the entertainment industry when award season was approaching, treading on the heels of the viral #metoo era, and Oprah had given an acceptance speech that many believed to have launched her 2020 presidential campaign. As a white, heterosexual, Canadian female, I am not part of the central dialogue surrounding these topics – yet, somewhere on the periphery I am allowed to observe through YouTube and Twitter. And all I can seem to think about when I listen to the words of any influential celebrity open up a conversation about gender equality and unsolicited love is how the girls I'm surrounded by at school have had to close these conversations. Female (and some male) students at my university are becoming sugar babies for wealthy men (and some women) who will give them monthly allowances of \$2,500 in exchange for a date.*

*Chalamet is 22 years old. He is donating his entire salary to three different charities from a Woody Allen-directed project because of the allegations against Allen of sexually assaulting his own daughter. Meanwhile, post-secondary students the same age as Chalamet are being forced to choose between buying groceries for the week and paying tuition, so they turn to a man of Woody Allen's age to sponsor their education in exchange for a date. Harmless, right? At this same moment in time, women in the entertainment industry are being paid much less than their male co-stars. Michelle Williams made 1,500 times less – yes, 1,500 times – than her male counterpart, Mark Wahlberg, for reshoots of their new film ironically titled **All the Money in the World**. In response, Wahlberg also donated a portion of his salary from this film – another act of defiance following another sexual assault case involving another Hollywood actor, Kevin Spacey. One of my friends argued that the pay gap in the entertainment industry makes it seem*

\$70



\$8





# STAR ATTRACTION



THE HOTTEST JOBS  
AND THE FASTEST  
GROWING PAYCHEQUES



Buy 1, Get 1 50% off





\$11.99

*like this issue only became topical once celebrities started to become more involved. However, if mainstream entertainment media doesn't print something about it, how else is a young woman supposed to understand that no one can put a price on her time or on her looks: no one can quantify her self-worth. Though being a sugar baby is not considered a form of prostitution, it exists on the same continuum as such "services", and another girl becomes an object that an older man can purchase – a woman's self-worth plummets as the pay gap widens. Instead of empowering these young women, we place barriers around all young adults that prevent them from achieving higher education, leaving them with limited options to support themselves. By creating these barriers to education, these students are put at even more of a disadvantage to finding their voice and affecting the types of changes that can become solutions to these issues embedded in our society. If students can't afford school, then school shouldn't be so expensive. Lower the costs of education, allow more students to enroll, increase the positive changes we can see in the world. We encourage young women to pursue post-secondary education, but we set them up for failure before they can even walk through the door.*

*These are two very different issues: Canadian university students facing a hefty expense versus Oscar-nominated actors raising their voices about how much they get paid. Where I see an intersection is on the issue of how we place a monetary value on women. First, we objectify women and tell them they can be "rented out" for their time based on their age or looks. Then, we don't pay them enough for their talent, their abilities, or their skills. We tell them to go to school so they can get a good job. We make school too expensive and when they finally join the workforce we don't pay them as much as men. We tell women we value them enough to pay for their dinner on a date, but then we pay them millions of dollars less than men for the same work. Something doesn't add up.*

*Now, I also want to say that I am not trying to praise a man for donating his six-figure salary – I do not consider this to be a long-term solution to a deeply rooted issue surrounding the way women are positioned in society. But, what I am trying to highlight is that there is a disconnect between what is being communicated to the masses through entertainment media leading up to award season, and what has actually gained traction in the minds of young, impressionable, intelligent Canadian university students who can't afford the price tag placed on societal survival. A cynic may criticize and claim that an acceptance speech at an awards show will hold no real weight in implementing change. But what I say is that if one speech, one gesture has the power to create a dialogue surrounding the pay gap between men and women in the entertainment industry, in all industries, and, frankly, in life, it is a couple steps in the right direction.*

\$8



*So, maybe I can't stop thinking about Timothée Chalamet because he gives me hope for people my own age – he reminds me that people my age can stand up and lobby for what we believe in, such as subsidizing the cost of university tuition to save another girl from selling herself online. But also, I think that Chalamet gives me hope for specifically men my age – that one day, men won't feel so disconnected from themselves that they need to seek validation in the face of a girl younger than their own daughters. And for the cynics who believe that the pay gap in the entertainment industry removes the everyday victim from the narrative, I leave you with this: every dollar is made up of what once was some spare **change**.*



\$76

\$19



\$402

\$39





5

51



12



**INDUSTRIAL**  
MALLORY THOMPSON  
@MALLORYEXPLORES







**BROKEN GLASS**



**62**

**34**



**14**

**70**



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46

Lexy Spreitzer



## WHAT YOU SEE

Lexy Spreitzer | @lexysprite | <http://www.curveandsubstance.com/>

Don't be fooled by what you see. What is it that you see when you see me? Tall, curvy, maybe 170 pounds? 180?

Do you see all of my curves, each one soft and smooth over the next, forming a whole body capable of more than just the physiology of classic sexuality? Does your finger simply brush the surface of my skin into each crease and cave fold? Or, do you perhaps see a body unworthy of your attention because of its softness and size?

Tell me what you see, and I will return the notion. Tell me my thighs are thick, and I'll tell you how they are strong and how they stretch every morning after I wake up.

Tell me my ass is fat, and I'll tell you nothing, because you don't deserve anything from me.

Tell me I look unhealthy, and I'll tell you how food tastes better when it is not a restriction.

Tell me I am unhealthy, and I'll lecture you on how I'm in

perfect physical condition compared to my broken heart and mind. I'm unhealthy because of my bipolar disorder, sweetie, not because my stomach isn't flat.

If you stare at my chest, I'll reflect upon how people are supposed to be conscientious beings with the capacity for love and respect.

Tell me that the numbers I read on the scale make me unworthy of love from you and I'll know that it's just not worth my time to be with someone who doesn't even know what love is.

Tell me you love me because you saw what I look like but then be disappointed when you hear my voice. I speak from my heart, something you have to touch before you can feel my hips and the twist of my waist.

See my heart, my soul, and my mind. Is that so hard to do?



30



31

**TWO**  
Acrylic 30in x 30in  
Kevin Patrick Smith  
@the\_k\_pat





11

# INVISIBLE PAIN



Pains worse more  
frequent; bleed lighter



Sharp pains over  
inside. Tired.

48

93

29



'INVISIBLE PAIN' A BODY OF WORK THAT EXPLORES THE UNSEEN AGONY THAT BOTH MY SISTER AND COUSIN SUFFER WITH ENDOMETRIOSIS. MY WORK DEMONSTRATES THE UN-BEARABLE PAIN THEY GO THROUGH WHICH MAKES FOR A COMPLICATED LIFESTYLE.

34

1 IN 10 WOMEN OF REPRODUCTIVE AGE IN THE UK SUFFER FROM ENDOMETRIOSIS.

10% OF WOMEN WORLDWIDE HAVE ENDOMETRIOSIS – THAT'S 176 MILLION.



10

ON AVERAGE IT TAKES 7.5 YEARS FROM ONSET SYMPTOMS TO GET A DIAGNOSIS.

2



LUCIE BLISSETT  
@BLISSETTPHOTOGRAPHY  
WWW.BLISSETTPHOTOGRAPHY.COM/

i stand in line at the grocery store waiting to  
hear back from you and it's not until it's my  
turn to check out do i realize my cart is empty.  
i leave and i drive somewhere else. anywhere else.

AND  
THAT  
IS  
LOVE:

*"is there anything you'd like  
me to pick up for you?"*

GENTLE

i don't know where this parking lot  
ends and the highway begins  
and i don't know when waiting for you  
started to feel a lot more like  
i was missing you



dear you,

love notes are just the same as field notes,  
only i'm not recording anything i see  
in front of me as i watch it happen.

LOT NO.  
214

208

love notes are about what i feel  
when *you're* not in front of me,  
how it feels to be away from you  
and missing what could have happened  
if you never left.  
afterthoughts that turn into  
records of daydreams.

when there's nothing left to see,  
the field notes stop  
when there's nothing left to feel,  
the love notes stop

36

(they're all about what i don't want to miss )

all i've done is document and publish  
the interactions between these feelings we made,  
so sorry to take credit for this collaboration.  
i'll be sure to cite you in the sources.

9

3

i still haven't stopped writing these love notes about you.

rosemary  
brianne agnizle



5

p.s.  
it's different in the city.  
you'd never believe how lonely it is out  
there.  
but you won't be alone in feeling alone.  
you'll see all those buildings.  
all those walls.  
all that structured isolation.  
what keeps the city together  
is what keeps it apart.



4.8

*Aggressively Gentle*  
a zine by *Brianne Agnizle*  
@re.verb  
[daydreamzine.tumblr.com/](http://daydreamzine.tumblr.com/)

11.9

432

2

78

i crashed into the air when i drove into you.  
i've looked at you too many times by the  
highway ends when you're in front of me.  
i stand in the shower and pretend it's th

you felt  
like ambiance  
to me.

*(is that what it feels like to be close to someone?)*

you never left.  
you just don't come here anymore.  
and nothing about this place has changed,  
but everything here feels so different.

*(is that what it feels like to care about someone?)*

i swing at the sky until i've beaten the day  
black and blue  
trying to break the distance  
that separates me and you.  
the night is a bruise i get from missing you.

*(how could something as soft as sand be made into  
something that shatters into millions of sharp little*

a e  
v s m  
i o b  
o f r  
l e a  
e n c  
t l e  
l y

*aggressively gentle:* that's all i know of lo  
that's all i know of the feeling of you.  
it's when a delicate touch  
hits like a collision.  
it's when i look at you  
and you look back.

when i forgot how to forget love,  
that's when i found what it really is.  
since then, i've never forgotten how to forget lone  
and i forgot about everything else  
so i could remember you a little more.



cident

ne rain.

(since  
when could  
absence fill  
an empty  
room?)

(since when  
could  
silence  
become so  
loud?)

(i count  
these  
hours  
in days)

(i can't  
find a  
minute  
without  
myself)

fragments?)

ove w w f  
r i r  
e t a  
c h g  
k i l  
e c l  
d r i  
u t  
s h  
liness. i  
n  
g

the inside of my car has become  
fogged with feelings.

you wipe away the dew to let  
the light in and i  
touch your shoulder  
where it hits.

“what’re you doing  
tomorrow?”

“i’m not sure.. why?”

“no reason, just wondering..”

half way through tomorrow,  
i’m still wondering about what  
you’re doing.

and if you’re sure about it  
by now.





i go back  
home with  
this lonely  
stranger and  
we go to bed  
together. this  
is routine.  
sometimes i  
swear we're  
in love.  
inside my  
room, we  
talk about  
feelings and  
what to do  
about them.  
and now at  
3am i find  
that i've  
stayed up too  
late having  
conversations  
with myself  
all night  
again.



### **november 1:**

all i see is what you might feel like. how long is a moment? for 6 seconds, i forgot about everything. then you broke the eye-contact.

### **november 6**

i keep looking at you and wondering what it's like touch you. but i already know you feel like winter in front of me, greece, art. you feel like a mercedes going nowhere, going home, going all the way home. i don't know these roads. i cried in the shower about it.

### **november 18**

i haven't lived at home in three years, isn't that strange?

### **november 22 (abc warehouse)**

this thing.. it's so... real? i'm not sure why you were put in front of me – perhaps as another slap that really maybe i want to care about someone. this this feeling.. it's.. *aggressively gentle*. is that it? i'm not sure how else to put it. that's how i would love you. i'm not really lonely.. i just want to know what it's like to be close someone.. i suppose.. i can always just let go and learn something about myself, write about it and move on. that's all i really can do.

### **december 13**

i didn't want you to know my sad secrets. i wanted to protect you. but i couldn't do it, it was ruining me. you said that you don't care about how i make my money.. and it doesn't change how you feel about me. you saw the high heels in the backseat of my car. i know you saw them. i cried all the way home. what the hell is wrong with me?

### **december 14 (early morning)**

there is so much hurt in knowing that what is right in front of me won't last. it's something that comes before even meeting someone. they'll just be temporary. it's the saddest thing, really. i just want one thing that is permanent, one thing i will always have! i guess that's why people get married and want to be close to someone.

### **december 19**

i'm not exactly lonely.. i'd just want to make someone happy. and these men at the club! i make them so happy. but that's not me. that's rosemary. she's honestly the loneliest person i know, the loneliest person at the club.. she just wants to love everyone, and everyone lets her. i just want to love someone.. like the way she can love those strangers. why can't i? i have so much love festering inside me. so, so much love that i can't give to anyone! i'll just love myself for now.

### **January 3**

i wish i could see myself from a distance.



lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so ter

a conversation between two strangers  
waiting to check out at the grocery store:

they quickly find out they have so much in  
common.

they're both "doing good," and reach an  
agreement that the rain is just such an  
inconvenience.

one goes home to her husband drunk on the  
couch and they don't have anything to talk  
about.

the other goes home where he lives alone.  
sometimes, he wishes that he had someone  
to talk to about anything.

the rain pours.

"have a good night."

"thanks, you too."

it is so terribly lonely out there.

67

it hurts to break this fragile  
thing we made,  
i loved it like a war.  
this heavy fragile thing,  
the weight of gravity  
falling asleep on  
my shoulders and  
holding me all night.

i ran out into  
an open field,  
protecting myself  
with the same gun that  
shot me.  
i called out into  
a magnetic field,  
leaving voicemails  
with echoes that went  
unanswered.

anywhere i am  
is just another place  
inside the empty  
space around you.  
it's the hardest to move on  
when i'm always moving  
around in the same space  
i'm trying to  
run away from.

walking home with you on a  
late december night, we pass  
a streetlight standing alone  
in front of the old church on  
main street. the quiet  
stillness of winter feels so  
much like one long pause of  
motion. so quiet i can hear  
the snow fall against you as  
it comes down. you stop and  
say "hold on for a second,  
look over here." i turn  
around to see you standing  
there, so vulnerable. it feels  
like you paused the movie.  
in the bitter wind, you point  
over at the soft glow of the  
light reflecting on top of the  
snow. "that's my favorite  
color," you say. i say back,  
"that's a nice pink.. i like it."

you stand out so hard  
against this brittle, cold  
sepia world.  
seeing you there,  
it kills me.



12

797



76

91

YOU: ALONE IN YOUR 8X8 ROOM

YOUR COMPANY: THE PLASTIC BAG  
MOVING BETWEEN TWO CORNERS.

you fixate on one wooden panel on the ceiling fan  
and count how many times it circles in one minute,  
one hour, one day, one week, one year, one forever.

you look down at your hands.  
they are bleeding.  
you ignore it.

...

the phone is ringing again. someone has been trying  
to get ahold of you for quite some time.

no, you don't answer. you never do.

you check your voicemail.

it's from someone who cares about you.

*don't you wish you could care about someone?*

the silence  
grows  
louder.

you look at yourself from across the room.  
*you are just a wandering pair of eyes.*  
you close them and beg for a dream.

48



884

57



4



81

*Aggressively Gentle cont.*  
*a zine by Brianne Agnizle*

Your call has been forwarded to automatic voice messaging. Please follow the tone, please record your message. When you have finished recording, you may hang up or press one for more options.

"Good evening, we do hope you have been well. We are a series of individuals located in a remote vicinity with classified information that we have been instructed to deliver to you. This special message is sending is meant to enlighten miserable people just like you. We are so sorry for who you are and we pity you. We know you have been here well, so we have come to offer you some truths about your situation and attempts to save you. This pursuit is an effort on our part to help you forget all feeling and remember where you came from. And where you came here. Our intentions are for your benefit. We do this because we care and we love you. Listen carefully.

YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE BY A SERIES OF CHEMICAL REACTIONS.

YOU ARE THE PRODUCT OF AN EXPERIMENT. WE HAVE RELOCATED YOU AND SET YOU IN PERMANENT MOTION.

YOU ARE JUST AN IDENTITY HELD TOGETHER BY A THIN BOUNDARY LINE. THESE ARE THE TWO DIMENSIONS OF YOUR NAME.

YOU ARE A BYPRODUCT OF AN UNEXPECTED ATOMIC INCIDENT. WE CALL THIS "NATURE."

YOU WERE NOT GIVEN A PURPOSE. YOU WERE ONLY GIVEN A PLACEMENT AND THE ABILITY TO MOVE AROUND TO DIFFERENT PLACEMENTS.

YOUR PERCEPTION OF REALITY EXISTS AS AN INTERPRETATION OF SIGNS AND SYMBOLS. YOU MUST CHOOSE THEIR MEANING. YOU NEVER HAVE.

*YOU ARE JUST A WANDERING PAINTING*

Does this help with your perspective? We sure do hope so. Please feel free to contact us if you need us. You won't be hopeless anymore. You won't be useless anymore. And one more thing, we do

\*beep\*

g system. At  
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society of  
rmation that  
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urself. We're  
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because we

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ONLY GIVEN  
ND INTO

DO NOT

IR OF EYES.

Anyways,  
s anymore.  
hope yo-"



91



**i made eye contact  
with the arctic  
tundra.**

**i like how snow  
sounds when it  
hits you.**

**winter is just one  
long motionless  
pause.**

**i hold my breath  
and wish it was  
you.**

**i stay iced  
over in the  
siberian  
with a frigid  
fever,**

**standing  
frozen  
in the  
warmth  
of the  
sub-zero  
temperatures**

**so  
tenderly  
numb.**

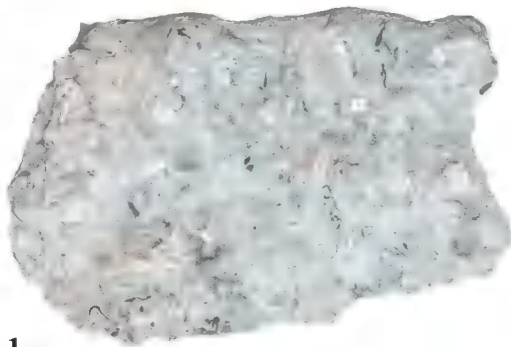
**i'm caught  
motionless  
turned right  
into the face  
of a blizzard  
staring into  
me,**

**struck by its  
harsh winds  
until you look  
away to**

**leave me  
melting into  
a dream  
in the middle  
of the sahara.**

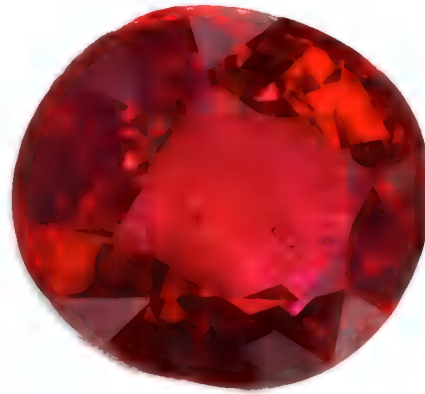
45





ruby,  
why did you have to leave?  
i'd wait forever if you'd let me.  
you blushed whenever i  
came around,  
now the same color i see  
whenever i feel a romantic  
thought cross by me,  
like where you could be,  
and after everything  
that's happened,  
if you too might ever miss me.

limestone,  
why couldn't we make it work?  
i wanted to know you.  
you left behind grains of sand in  
everything i do,  
one million fragments of you  
spread around to make up everything  
i thought i already knew.



77

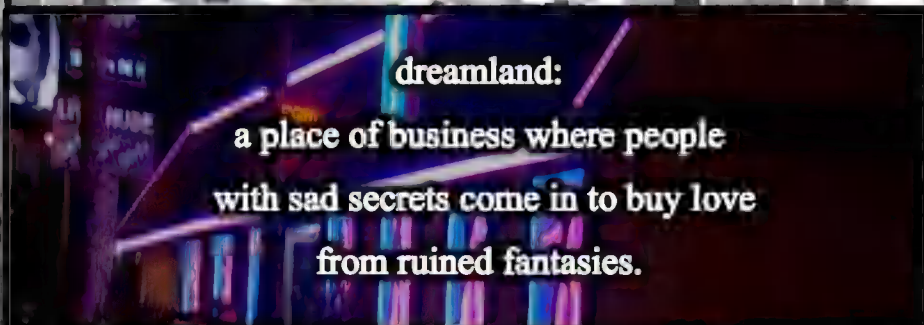
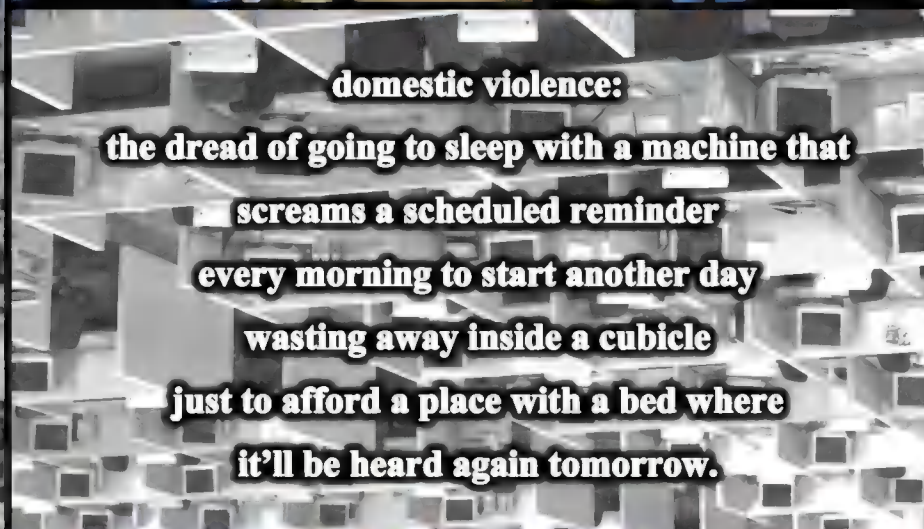
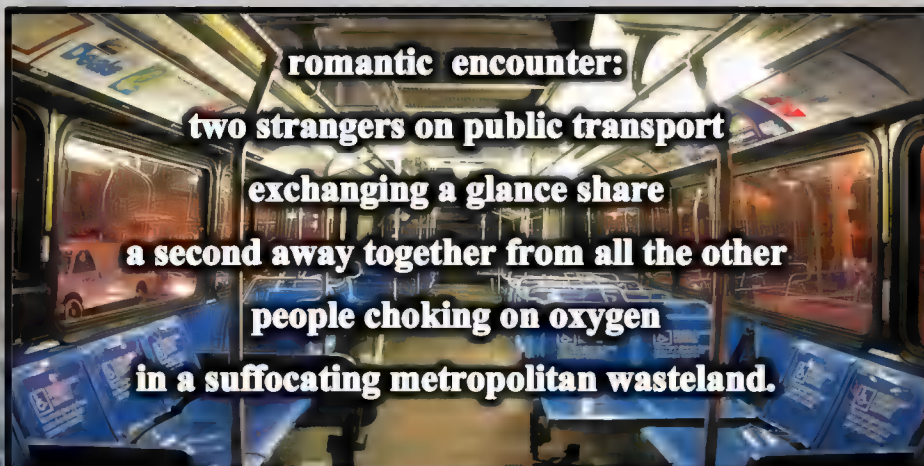
quartz,  
are you coming home soon?  
i've been thinking about you again.  
i remember the first time we met,  
could see right through you.  
i still do all those things that i do,  
all same things i used to,  
just with a little less of doing them  
with you.  
and missing you has been a lot  
just in itself for me to do.



sapphire,  
how could you do that to someone?  
it's been so hard without you here.  
in a world where i could write anything  
about anything,  
why is it that i can't write  
about anything  
if that anything isn't about you?  
i'm beginning to think that  
the ocean and the sky turned blue  
after taking just one look at you.

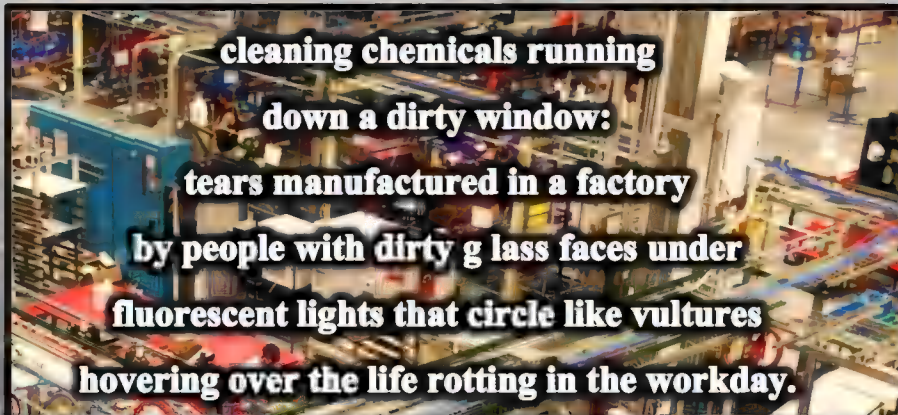


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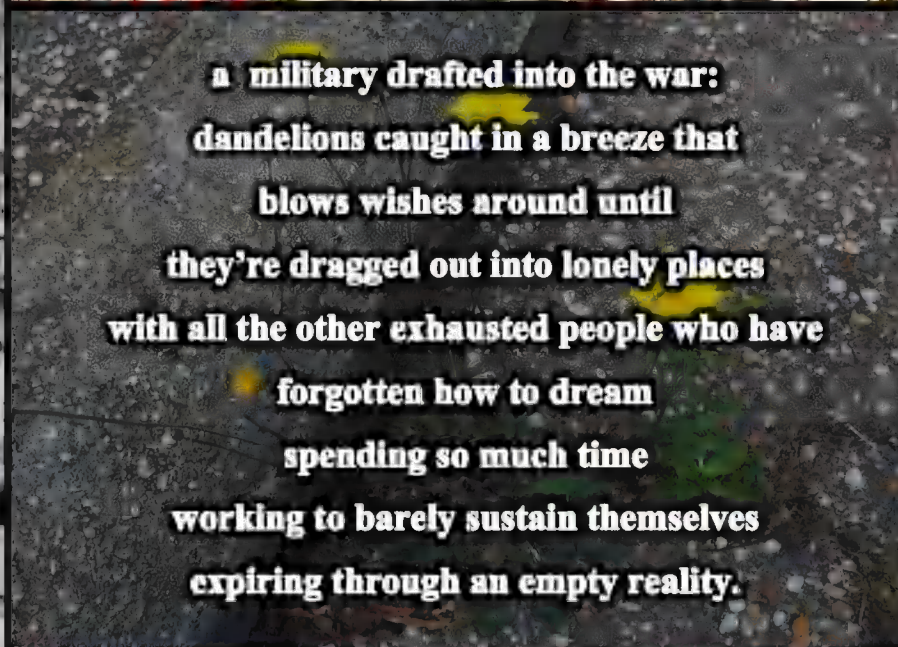




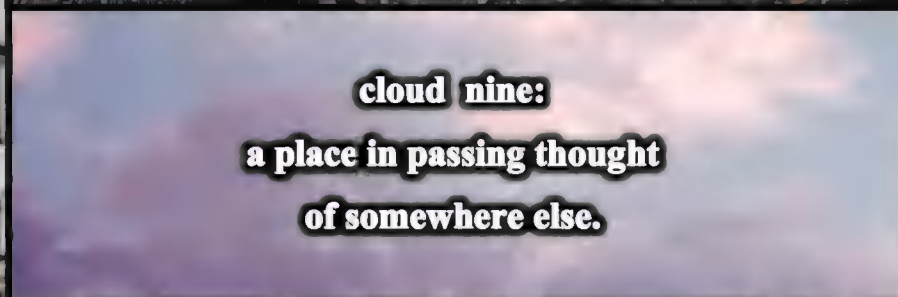
100



cleaning chemicals running  
down a dirty window:  
tears manufactured in a factory  
by people with dirty glass faces under  
fluorescent lights that circle like vultures  
hovering over the life rotting in the workday.



a military drafted into the war:  
dandelions caught in a breeze that  
blows wishes around until  
they're dragged out into lonely places  
with all the other exhausted people who have  
forgotten how to dream  
spending so much time  
working to barely sustain themselves  
expiring through an empty reality.



cloud nine:  
a place in passing thought  
of somewhere else.



1

59



i've never  
stuck in the  
i've only  
stuck on  
future  
never c

you

when i wa  
asleep i wr  
a movie



r been  
 e past.  
 been  
 n the  
 that  
 ame.

the first part of my  
 morning routine  
 is remembering  
 that i have to try  
 forgetting about  
 you.

i spend all this  
 time i made for  
 you making up  
 times with  
 you that  
 never happened.

you ever been so "lost" in *someone*  
 i wake up inside yesterday's tomorrow  
 holding onto what could have been?

# POST – DREAM: (is what we call) REALITY

s  
 ote

i saw you blush  
 when the sun  
 came  
 a little bit closer  
 to you.

the evening  
 always tries to  
 hold onto the  
 day a little bit  
 longer.

i wake up  
 trying to tuck  
 the light in  
 with me  
 under the  
 covers.

*(the city is full of lonely dreamers)*

*Aggressively Gentle cont.*  
*a zine by Brianne Agnizle*



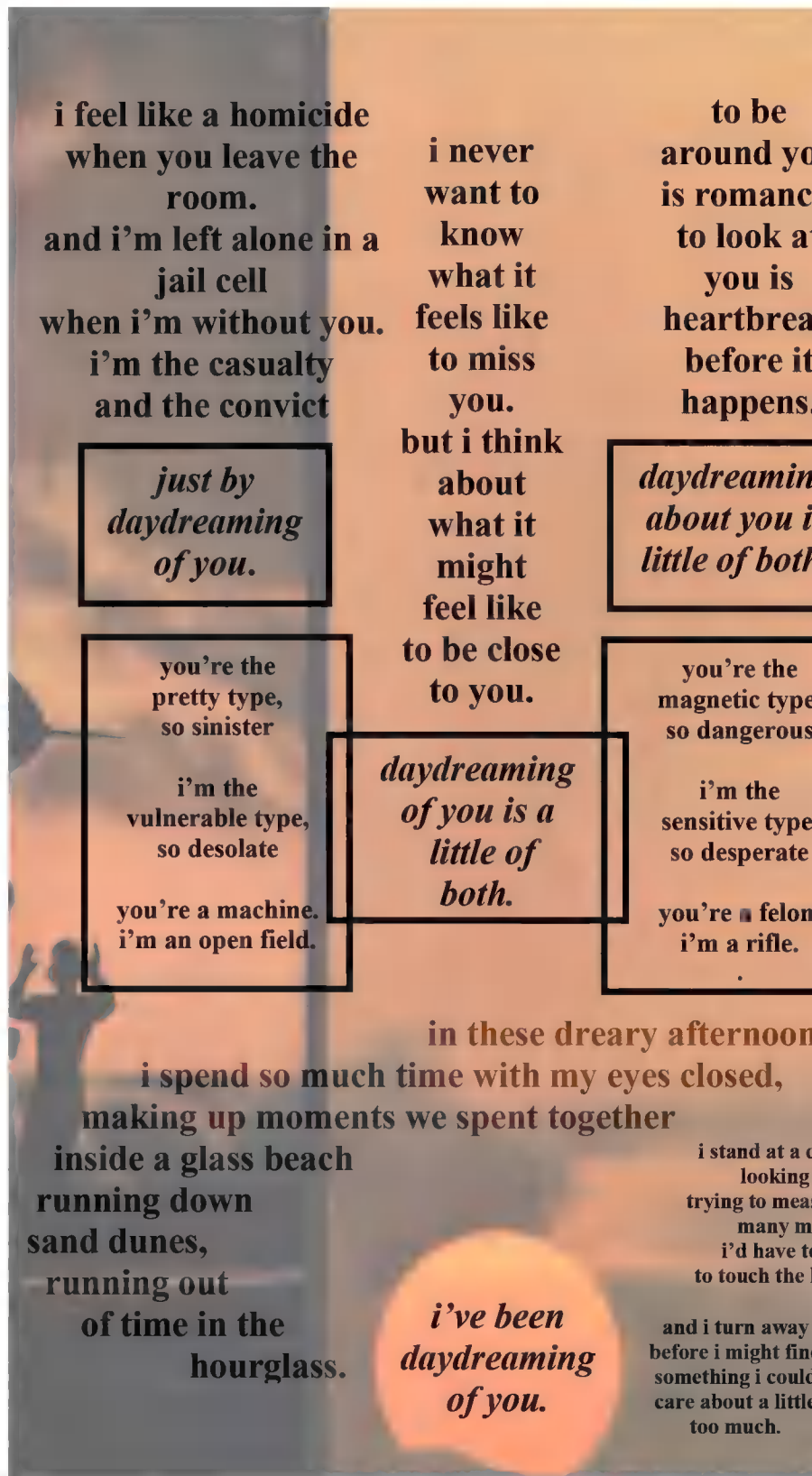
87

64



0

*Aggressively Gentle cont.*  
a zine by Brianne Agnizle



111



20

this highway  
goes on  
forever.

93



58



99.5

54



11

almost to your house.

*"it was the kind  
just like the old ti  
back, and you w  
open for 40 yea  
nothing fancy. i  
nowhere. the guy  
and a lot of them  
to you.. and it wa  
became their sac  
they could take yo  
when you are allo  
"real" you com  
everything else, in  
it actually.. it mad  
i'm not sure why  
to strangers, guys  
to give them a pa  
hard sometimes, t  
my self- worth. i g  
in.. i just think ab  
forever, you kn  
thirty n*

people have sa  
and they have se

i ran away an  
a double  
with bad p  
guns knives bom  
i loved them throug  
and they loved  
waiting outside for  
leaving voic

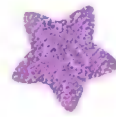


4

"rosemary, i'm so lon  
"is that your re  
"is this who you  
"rosemary, i miss y

i'm so so

i saw another modern dreamer.  
 you were just like me,  
 watching a movie play in front of you  
 called "reality."  
 passing time.



*of place where.. you smoked cigarettes in the bathroom,  
 me movies. we had the tiniest little changing room in the  
 wrote your name on the mirror in your station. had been  
 rs or somethin like that. real authentic, so so so small,  
 it was in the backwoods, like seriously in the middle of  
 s that came in.. well.. they didn't really get out of hand,  
 were nice.. but they would say the most disturbing things  
 s your job to let them. you had to hear their sad secrets. i  
 d secret. and a lot of them offered you so much money if  
 u home. no, never. i never ever did. i'm not for rent! well,  
 owed to be anyone who you want.. i guess that's when the  
 es out. people came there to do that.. to run away from  
 cluding themselves. i can't say i was any different.. really,  
 e me so much kinder. but.. all that made me so, so lonely.  
 exactly. maybe i gave too much love away? all of it went  
 i'd only know for a half hour or so. i tried. i tried so hard  
 rt of me. and some of them took advantage of that. it was  
 o hear those things they thought about me. at first, it hurt  
 uess part of me will always be ruined. and i mean that as  
 out the world differently now. some words stay with you  
 now. i had to drive all the way home with those words.  
 minutes down the highway. all the way home."*

3

28

and secrets  
 secret dreams.

it would ruin you  
 to know the other side of people.

and started  
 life  
 people.  
 bs tear gas.  
 h sharp words  
 me harder,  
 r me to leave,  
 emails:

it's the loneliness.  
 it's contagious.  
 and dreaming too hard ruins people.  
 it's the loneliness.  
 it's isolating.

ely without you."  
 al name?"  
 really are?"  
 you so much."

when i dream about you  
 it's all about how you might show me  
 what it's like to not dream  
 about you at all.

i've got sad secrets.  
 and i dream a little too hard.



62

orry.  
 "i'm so sorry."

*Aggressively Gentle cont.  
 a zine by Brianne Agnizle*

29



terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so  
terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so

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re it is so terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there

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re it is so t

ribly lonely

ely out the

11 1 1 1

re it is so t

elv out the

there it is

re it is so t

it is so terribly lonely out there.

so terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there

terribly lonely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so

ely out there it is so terribly lonely out there it is so terrible

there it is as touchingly lonely, out there it is as touchingly

98





# FIELD NOTES:

## NOVEMBER

### 2017

LOT NO.

214

1. this boy was a criminal.
2. this boy was an angel.
3. this boy was "art."
4. this boy was broken in a beautiful way.
5. this boy was too pretty to touch.
6. this boy was in love with you for a minute.
7. this boy was a girl sometimes too.
8. this boy was nothing to everyone everywhere.
9. this boy was alone in a field with you.
10. this boy was working the checkout counter.
11. this boy was in your daydream.
12. this boy was too nervous to get close to someone.
13. this boy was the moon in a past life.
14. this boy was alone at the bar.

1. this girl was a dandelion in a past life.
2. this girl was so nervous inside when she saw you.
3. this girl was taking field notes of you.
4. this girl was something to someone somewhere.
5. this girl was daydreaming of you.
6. this girl was outside the bar.
7. this girl was in line at the grocery store.
8. this girl was in your jail cell.
9. this girl was outside the gates of heaven.
10. this girl was in your art class.
11. this girl was in love within a minute of you.
12. this girl was broken in a beautiful way.
13. this girl was a boy sometimes too.
14. this girl was looking for something pretty to touch.



67



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2



"hey.. you know this doesn't change the way i feel about you, right? you must make that place so much money. i bet they love to see you.. if you ever need a ride home.. let me know."

i'd never been cared about like that.

thank you.

the silence of  
the highway at 2am  
is a different kind  
of lonely.

and i'm still  
figuring  
it out.

"does it ever feel  
wrong up there,  
showing the world how  
you take your shirt  
off?"

i rotate around a metal  
column and  
pretend you're watching  
and imagine that you  
were the world i was  
taking my shirt off for.

Rosemary



"... rosemary? is that your  
real name? my niece.. just  
had a baby.. baby rose.."  
under those neon lights, i  
close my wandering eyes.  
"yes, that's my real name."  
and this is a real part of me.



5.5

i want  
to push  
your  
hair back  
just  
to see  
a little more  
of you.

"yeah.. hey how are  
you? calling to say i  
think i'm quitting my  
job soon.. my schedule  
is really opening up.  
maybe you could show  
me the city sometime?"

in the  
silence  
after the  
voice  
mail box  
tone,

but yeah.. the late  
nights and  
everything. it's been  
kinda getting to me a  
little bit. like.. i'll  
have to tell you  
about it sometime...

"how can  
the  
moon  
pull up  
the tide  
when it's so  
far  
away?"

i'm  
given a  
moment  
to put  
into  
words

you say  
hello and  
goodbye  
from  
across  
the room  
in a cycle.

there's just so much out  
there. you'd never  
believe the things i've  
seen. and uhm.. sorry for  
calling.. i know you're  
probably busy..

how  
much i  
miss  
you.

so well yeah.. call me back  
i guess? but no, yeah, you  
really don't have to. sorry  
again for calling. but it'd be  
really great to hear from  
you.. let me know what you  
think.. alright. okay, bye."

i take  
a meteor  
shower  
and wait  
for a piece  
of the sky  
to hit  
me.

"call me  
back"  
is the  
best i can  
do.

62



14





take me past the places  
i've never been.  
take me further than  
where the highway  
ends.

*you were the silence i turned into the echo.  
it filled this empty space with your absence.*

*you were the velvet beaches before  
they became the broken glass.*

*i loved this fragile thing we made.  
i loved it like a war.*

*i miss this delicate feeling we made.  
i miss it like home.*

*(how do you remember me?)*

*i measured the distance that separates me to you.  
i drew the blueprints  
and built a sky around it.*

*and that was love:  
aggressively gentle.*

and i stand there alone  
watching the world go by  
and there's nothing  
i can do about it now.

it meant so much to care about someone.

47

21

117



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THIS FIELD NOTES MEMO BOOK IS PROPERTY OF:

**BRIANNE AGNIZLE**

PERTINENT COORDINATES:

**REALITY  
(IS JUST A  
DESTINATION)**

FOR INTERNAL RECORDS:

Start Date:	Location:
when it started <b>20</b>	/ standing in front of you
Completion Date:	Location:
it doesn't stop <b>20</b>	/ the empty space where you used to be

IN THE EVENT OF MISPLACEMENT:

IF FOUND, PLEASE CONTACT:

E-mail Address:

**brianneagnizle @ gmail.com**

HENCE, THERE ☐ IS ☐ ISN'T A HANDSOME REWARD WAITING.

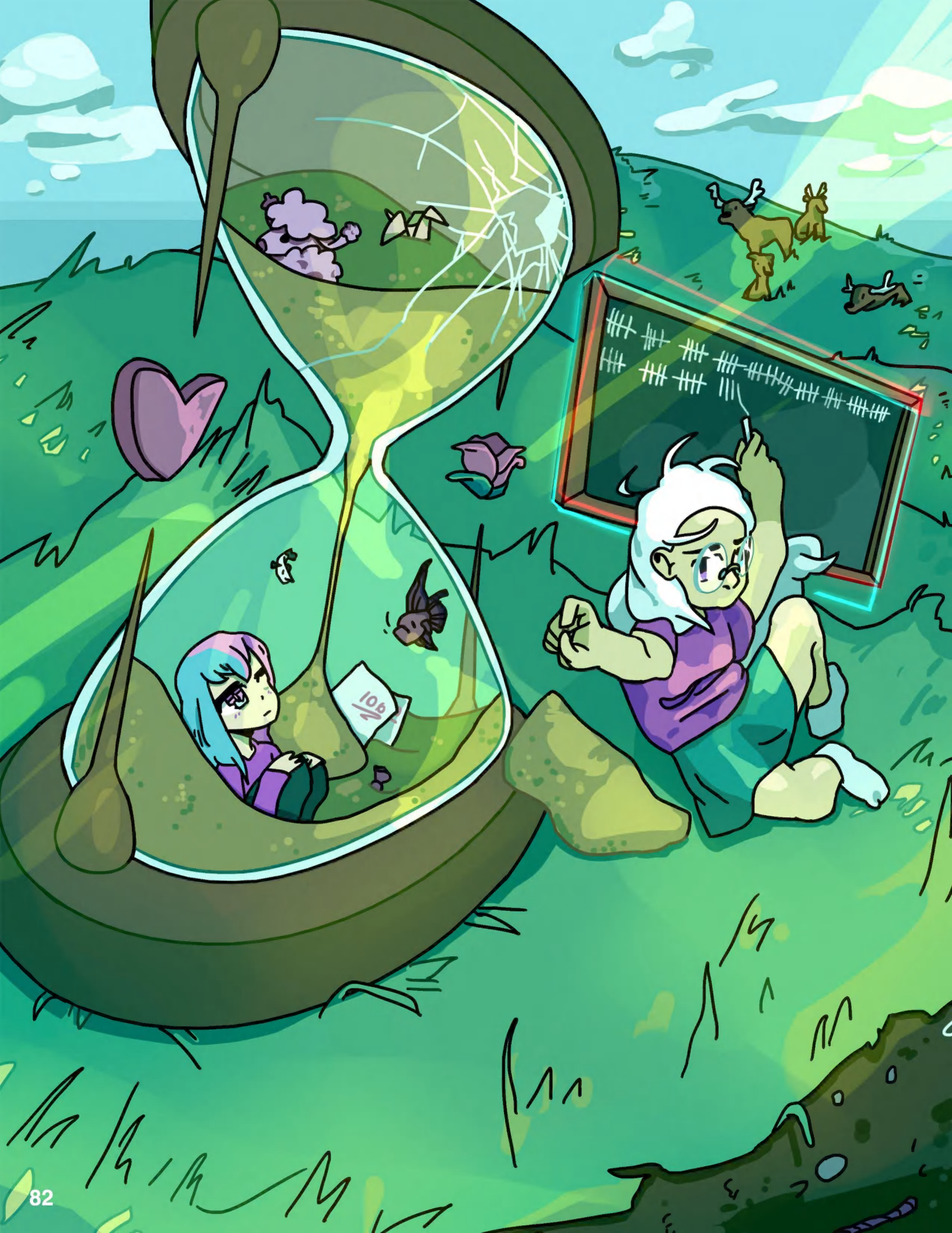
i miss waiting on you

6

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*Aggressively Gentle cont.  
a zine by Brianne Agnizle*







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9.5



# THANK YOU TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS:

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**poLEMICAL**  
**zine**